



»»» After-Hours : «««

BY

Thomas J. Macmurray.

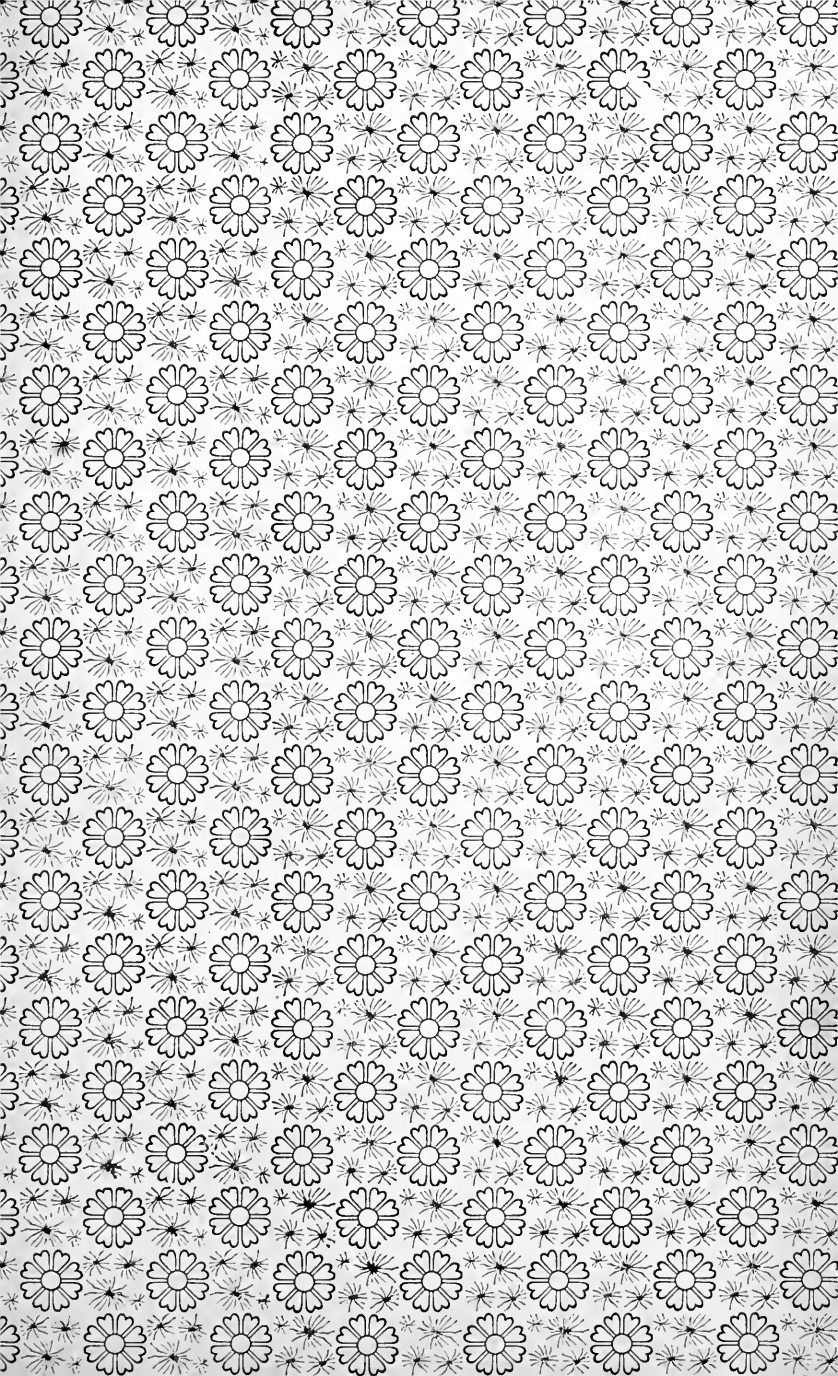
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A collection of poems well worth reading. The poems are all marked by refined thought and purity of spirit.—BOSTON EVENING TRAVELLER.

THE LEGEND OF DELAWARE VALLEY, AND OTHER POEMS.

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A book of choice poems. Mr. Macmurray writes with taste and feeling. Many of these pieces evince true lyrical melody, to which none but the born poet can attain. A high moral and religious tone pervades the whole collection, as well as a peculiar love of the beautiful in the worlds of mind and matter.—THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN, Toronto.

A handsome little volume. Mr. Macmurray's verses have the true poetic flavor. The conceit is generally quaint, original and gracefully clothed, and the metre excellent. He is just now attracting considerable attention as a versifier.—WISCONSIN STATE JOURNAL.

A fine production and worthy a place in every library.—LYNN, Mass., DAILY BEE.

The story, *The Legend of Delaware Valley*, is an intensely interesting one, and is beautifully told by this brilliant author. Mr. Macmurray has written both prose and poetry extensively, and his productions find a ready market in the best of our publications. The book cannot fail to please all who read it. It is a good, pure, elevating book, and there cannot be too many such books. There are some very fine war poems, and all breathe the spirit of innocence and virtue.—MILWAUKEE TELEGRAPH.

His verses are simple, melodious, usually correct in form, and always true in sentiment. The spirit which prompts them is one of gentleness and sincerity.—BOSTON JOURNAL.

A voluminous writer, and his work varies widely in quality, but the tone of his poems is moral and their influence uplifting, and they will undoubtedly please many readers.—EVENING WISCONSIN.

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This is a pleasing collection of poems, and will add to the reputation Mr. Macmurray has already achieved as an author, both of prose and verse. The opening poem tells an Indian legend in a graceful manner. It will make a welcome addition to one's library.—THE EVENING STANDARD, New Bedford, Mass.

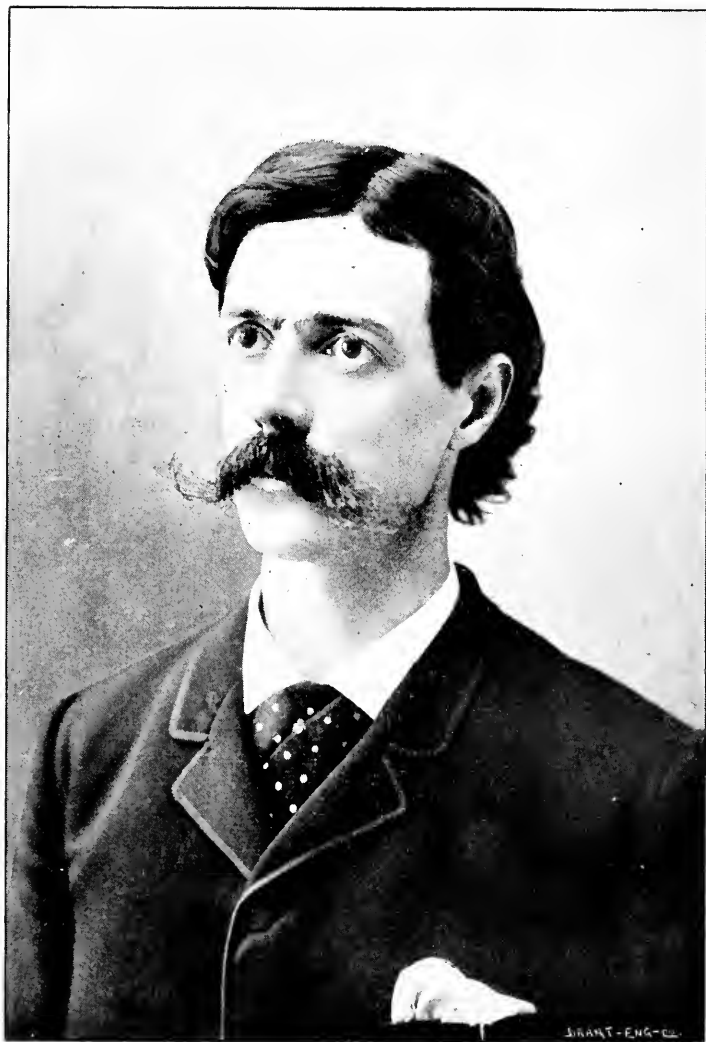
We are pleased with his lines on *Mother's Vacant Chair*, and think them quite as good as *Eliza Cook's* on the same theme.—MON. TREAL HERALD.

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WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher,

78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto.





THOMAS J. MACMURRAY.

AFTER-HOURS.

A COLLECTION OF BALLADS, LYRICS AND
SONNETS.

BY

James
THOMAS J. MACMURRAY, LL.B.

AUTHOR OF "IN DANGER AND OUT OF IT," "THE LEGEND OF
DELAWARE VALLEY, AND OTHER POEMS," ETC.

CHICAGO:
AMERICAN PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION.
1892.

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BY
THOMAS J. MACMURRAY.

TO

THE DISTINGUISHED AND VENERABLE POET,

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER,

WHO WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO WELCOME MY EARLI-

EST BOOK OF POEMS,

I RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBE THIS VOLUME,

AS AN EXPRESSION OF MY CORDIAL GRATITUDE AND

PROFOUND ADMIRATION.



The following autograph letter from the poet
Whittier to Mr. Macmurray, is a high indorsement:

FAC-SIMILE.

Oak Knell

Danvers

Jun 4. 1888

Dear Friend

I thank thee
for the volume of
sweet and tender
poems. I like especially
"The Legend of the Bearded
Hands" "My Mother's Chair"
and "God Understands".
I am, with all good
wishes, thy friend

John G. Whittier



PROEM.

Old-time ballads, how ye waken
 Mem'ries sweet and dear
In the heart that is forsaken
 And bereft of cheer!

When the way is dark and dreary,
 Ye dispel our grief;
When these hearts of ours grow weary,
 Ye impart relief.

After hours of pain and riot—
 After wild unrest,
Soothe me with the lays that quiet
 Tumult in the breast.

LYNN, MASS., JULY, 1888.



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AFTER-HOURS.

TO A WOUNDED SONG-BIRD.

Poor sufferer 'neath that drooping forest bough !

A cruel shot has hurled you to the ground
Just when your morning notes rang out, and now
You sing not in the merry, merry round.

How could the sportsman choose you for his prey ?

You were but doing the kind Father's will,
And you began your work when early gray
Brought in the morn so peaceful and so still.

I see the beating of your frightened heart ;

In vain you try to cleave the air again ;
Ah, no ! in all the world there is no art
Can heal that shattered wing which gives you pain.

Would that you trusted me as your true friend ;

Then should I care for you in this dark hour ;

My tender sympathy I should extend
While doing for you all within my power.

Shame on the heartless wretch who stopped your
strain

And left you bleeding in the clover bloom !
'Twas by his cruelty that you were slain
And made to pine in loneliness and gloom.

No more you'll soar toward the azure sky,
Your lyre attuned to the Creator's praise;
No more your notes will cheer the passer by,
Soothing his sorrow through the weary days.

Forsaken by your mates, you'll seek some spot —
Some shelt'ring nook where comes no rude alarm ;
There, you will die, but not to be forgot ;
For I'll recall your song that oft did charm.

THE WORLD'S CHOICE.

The world likes happy people ;
It courts their sunny smiles ;
For glad looks win, and laughter
The dullest care beguiles.

The world wants mirth and music
To cheer its toil-worn heart ;
But they who simply murmur
Can little joy impart.

Their path lies through a desert,
Barren and lone and drear ;
No flowers are ever blooming
In their dull atmosphere.

Not so with the light hearted,
Who laugh, though tempests beat,
And who press on undaunted,
Though cowards may retreat.

The bright, the gay, the jovial,
Dispel this sad world's pain,

And change life's minor music
Into a major strain.

They prompt to strong endeavor
In each momentous strife,
And aid men in securing
Grand victories in life.

Away, then, with repining!
What is there in a sigh
To help the heavy hearted,
Around whom shadows lie?

The world loves merry people;
But sad hearts it will spurn;
It makes no room for anguish!
For tears it keeps no urn.

MAN.

O man! the greatest of God's wondrous works,
And yet the weakest of all creatures known;
In thought thou soarest to the highest heavens,
Scanning with more than eagle's eye the vast
Productions lying in the depths of space,
The while thy brow, on which sits majesty,
Glow with the thoughts that heaven itself inspires.
But though thou art so lofty, strong and grand;
Though thousands listen spell-bound to thy voice,
Till hearts are touched, till prejudices fade
And deep conviction strikes through every breast;
Though thou dost seem like one from heaven sent,
Yet startling contradictions spring from thee,
For in thy bosom dwell both love and hate,
Virtue and vice, belief and darkest doubt.
Seraph and fiend alternate influence thee,
The one inciting thee to noblest deeds,
The other dragging thee from heights sublime,
Till, like an eagle wounded in its flight,
Thou fallest on the sun-illumined crags,
A piteous wreck, thy manhood's splendor marred,
Thy highest powers debased to foulest use.

MY NATIVE LAND.

Scotland, fair country of my birth,
I dream of thee ;
There is no land in all the earth
So dear to me.

I took a last look at thy shore
Long years ago ;
Yet I shall love thee evermore,
Come joy or woe.

I love the spot where first my eyes
Beheld the light
Or saw with wonderment the skies
Bedecked at night.

Scotland, I long to view again
Thy mountains wild,
Whose grandeur thrilled my being when
I was a child.

Thy poets are revered and read
In ev'ry clime ;

Their songs an influence still shed
That is sublime.

No nation has a prouder name ;
No land has won
More homage or a greater fame
For grand deeds done.

Thy lovely hills and glens and streams
Are unsurpassed,
Rivalling those we see in dreams
Of brightest cast.

Dear native land, although the sea
Keeps us apart,
I shall not cease to turn tow'rd thee
With fondest heart.



UNKNOWN TO FAME.

There are many lonely workers
In the humbler spheres of life,
Who receive no public guerdon
For their valor in the strife.

These, like flowers that shed their fragrance
In a lone, deserted spot,
Modestly perform their mission,
Though the great world sees them not.

But the Father sees these toilers,
Knows their trials, counts their tears ;
And He blesses their endeavors
And befriends them through the years.

For such labors, though unnoticed,
Are important in their way ;
And from them abundant fruitage
Will result some future day.

At the fireside of the lowly ;
In the hovels of the poor,

These brave toilers are erecting
Monuments that shall endure.

In obscurity they labor,
Seeking neither wealth nor fame ;
But the good that they accomplish
Will outlast the proudest name.

Patience, sympathy and courage
Are evinced in all they do ;
Undismayed, they still press onward
And a lofty course pursue.

Not in song, nor e'en in story
Will their loving deeds be told ;
But God keeps a truthful record
Of their virtues manifold.

And some day these willing workers,
To the outside world unknown,
Will receive a royal welcome
When God comes to claim His own.

RESIGNATION.

When clouds of darkness hover over me
And disappointments fill my heart with pain,
Help me to trust implicitly in Thee,
Who sendeth both the sunshine and the rain,
And to look forward with expectant gaze,
To brighter days.

'Tis hard to bear the constant woes of life ;
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain ;
For oftentimes this long and stormy strife
Brings only cruel loss instead of gain ;
But, Father, if Thou wilt Thine aid impart,
'Twill cheer my heart.

This anxious waiting through the weary years
For some anticipated good to come ;
This painful watching through my blinding tears,
While lips that once spoke words of cheer are dumb,
All make me long to lean upon God's breast,
And there take rest.

Oh, Saviour, leave me not to walk alone
Amid those difficulties that appal !
But grant me strength to say, "Thy will be done,"
E'en though the shadows all around me fall ;
Nor need I fear to go where perils lie,
If Thou art nigh.

ROBERT BURNS.

Read at the celebration held by Clan McLean No. 36, O. S. C., in Lynn, Massachusetts, January 25, 1888, on the occasion of the 129th anniversary of the birth of the Scottish poet.

Divinely gifted bard ! No heart
E'er held more love or pity ;
No man lived nearer to his race,
And few have been more witty.

How often he was sorely tossed
By passion aud reverses !
Hope and despair, love, smiles and tears
Characterize his verses.

The modest daisy met his glance
And drew his admiration ;
The wee field mouse was none to small
To give him inspiration.

He sang the sorrows of mankind
In strains sublime and tender ;
To needy, burdened souls he gave
Such aid as he could render.

For in the poet's breast there dwelt
True sympathy for others ;

And, scorning pride, he honored men
And treated them as brothers.

The honest face and noble heart
Of e'en the humblest peasant
Brought from the gifted Ayrshire bard
A greeting that was pleasant.

To him an honest man was great,
Despite dark fate's mischances;
He looked within; he saw the man,
And not his circumstances.

To-day the millions join to praise:
With earnest, fond endeavor,
The name of Scotia's honored son,
Whose fame increases ever.

The young and old, the rich and poor,
His name and mem'ry cherish;
His gems of thought in lyric dress
Shall never, never perish.

Then here's to Scotland's worthy bard!
Here's to our friend and brother!
The world has had one Robert Burns;
Nor will there be another.

HEAVENWARD.

How sweet to worship in Thy courts,
O God of boundless love !
And meditate on themes that call
Our thoughts to things above.

Blest, hallowed day, when weary hearts,
Burdened with earth-born care,
May leave perplexities behind
And soar on wings of prayer.

The Sabbath dawn brings peaceful rest
To those who love to raise
Their grateful anthems here below
In the Creator's praise.

And while their voices swell in songs
Of rapturous melody,
Each sound-wave bears their tuneful hearts
To higher ecstasy.

Portentous clouds then pass away,
Earth fades, while heav'n appears,
Nor longer is the worshipper
Disturbed by doubts or fears.

O, sacred hour! 'Tis then we catch
A glimpse of fairer skies,
And long to lay these burdens down
And rest in Paradise.

Father, give me a steadfast faith
In Thee and in Thy Word,
That each day I may take a step
Higher and heavenward.

MAY HOPES.

Wake up, despondent heart, rejoice!
The May is here,
She brings good cheer;
List to the song-bird's trilling voice.

Come from thy sombrous shade and sing
Of fragrant flowers,
Of gentle showers,
And of the happy, radiant spring.

Throw care aside, nor longer bear
Thy load of grief;

May gives relief
To those who will but welcome her.

See at thy feet the blossoms gay
That smile on thee
Bewitchingly,
To gladden thee upon life's way.

A new world greets thy tear-dimmed eyes —
All things are new
Beneath the blue
Of May's resplendent, clearer skies.

From death comes life, from withered leaves
Come bud and bloom
When warm winds come,
And earth the spring-time rain receives.

So may thy hopes be new and strong
At spring's return ;
Why shouldst thou mourn
When woods are echoing with song !

EVER ONWARD.

The hero does not cease to struggle on
Despite his heavy cross or sad mistakes ;
But, shouldering life's load again, he takes
Fresh courage and awaits the golden dawn
Of brighter days. And thus should we pursue
The honorable course, keeping in view
The noble end for which we daily toil,
Nor ever from our fiercest foes recoil.
If we have deviated from the right,
We must not think of giving up the fight
For principles on which true manhood rests.
Therefore, press onward still though care infests
Each weary day. The promised prize, when won,
Shall more than compensate for labor done.

THE DRINK DEMON'S BOAST.

I am a King ! Three thousand years
My sceptre has been over all ;
To weary eyes I've brought hot tears ;
I've hurled to death both great and small.

I wield an influence most strong ;
Your politicians bow to me ;
Have they not legalized a wrong
In granting me full liberty ?

While churches slept, I rode in might,
Conq'ring on every battle-field,
Till Wrong prevails instead of Right,
And none can ever make me yield.

Ha ! ha ! I'm King ! Behold my power ;
What anguish to mankind I've brought ;
Pray, view from this my lofty tower
The devastation I have wrought.

My steppings make the nations quake ;
I wreck, I poison heart and brain ;

But what care I for hearts that break !
Why should I mourn for victims slain.

I am a King ! Three thousand years
I've ruled on earth with iron hand ;
I scoff at this world's woes and tears
And draw my sword in every land.

Strong men are weak when in my grasp ;
The most gigantic I o'erthrow ;
That boy a mother's arms now clasp
I can, with one fell stroke, lay low.

For I am King, and my high throne
Rests on the bones of those I slew ;
I glory in the work I've done ;
Now the world is mine and so are you.



HYMN.

Come, mourner, to the cross ! Christ will relieve you,
He will forgiveness grant, if you will pray ;
Though you have grieved Him oft, He will receive
you ;
Jesus is willing to save you to-day.

Christ has true sympathy for those in sadness ;
Infinite tenderness dwells in His breast ;
To every troubled heart He can bring gladness,
And to the weary he giveth sweet rest.

Accept the pard'ning love He is revealing ;
Then joy will come to your desolate soul ;
If you are sick and sore, He'll give you healing —
Healing that will surely make the sick whole.

Look to the Comforter. His grace assuages
The griefs His children experience here ;
Little it matters how fierce the storm rages,
When there's a harbor of Refuge so near.

TAKE PLEASURE TO-DAY.

'Tis folly to wait till to-morrow
For pleasures to chase care away ;
The future may bring grinding sorrow,
Then wisely take comfort to-day.

Why always be cast down and fretting
Because there is so much to do ?
O, worry and constant regretting
Will make you less useful and true.

Enjoy as you go, and cease sighing
For days that shall bring you more cheer :
On each path some sunbeams are lying,
Some roses are blossoming near.

Prize highly each God-given blessing ;
Help those who must suffer alone ;
And labors that once seemed distressing
Will be far more easily done.

Be glad while the sun is yet shining ;
Take heart ; rise above every woe ;
'Tis useless to keep on repining,
When all may enjoy as they go.

JUNE.

Sweet June zephyrs, warm and bland,
Blow to-day o'er all the land,
Whisp'ring of the flowers that grow ;
Of the evening's golden glow ;
Of the tall, wide-spreading trees
Swaying in the gentle breeze ;
Of the birds, with plumage gay,
That sing sweetly all the day ;
Of the meadows, green and fair,
And the lambkins playing there ;
Of the sky of richest blue,
And the hills of purple hue.
Summer winds, to us ye bring
New fond hopes worth cherishing ;
And the past, with all its tears —
All its bitterness and fears —
Is forgotten as we rove
In the shade of vernal grove,
Joining happy bird and bee
In their glorious revelry.
Radiant, lovely, blithesome June,
You can never come too soon.

FAITHFULNESS.

Whatever be thy mission here,
Fulfil it faithfully;
Shrink not from work assigned, nor fear
Responsibility.

Dishonor rests on those who throw
Their sacred tasks aside,
When duty urges them to go
Onward, though sorely tried.

Once in the ranks, keep thou in line,
And hold the banner high;
Trust in the arm that is divine;
Resolve to do or die!

The guerdon from applauding throngs
Is given to those who win.
Strive on, do right. Reward belongs
To those who conquer sin.

Nor be faint-hearted, but pursue
Thy course with cheerfulness;

The work allotted thee to do
Will bring thee happiness,
Be faithful e'en in little things;
And when thy race is run,
In accents sweet the King of kings
Will say to thee, "Well done."

ARS LONGA, VITA BREVIS.

Art is long, and life is transient;
Wisely toil while shines the sun,
Looking not for sweet composure
Till the work of life is done.

Harbor neither vain ambition
Nor a motive born of sin;
But so live that precious fruitage
May at last be gathered in.

Valueless are stores of learning,
If they yield no lasting good;
And the world is not made better
By man's base ingratitude.

Our exalted aspirations
 Cannot always be fulfilled;
Cherished hopes are often blasted
 And with pain our hearts are thrilled.

Weariness and disappointment
 Come to all who strive for fame;
But the one who lives for others,
 Shall obtain the grandest name.

Fleeting is all worldly splendor;
 Riches oftentimes take wings;
Then lay up superior treasures;—
 Choose those higher, holier things.

Bravely face the untried future
 With a purpose high and strong;
Unremitting labor conquers,
 Right will some day vanquish wrong.

Though life's burdens may be heavy,
 In the end will come relief;
So, be patient and remember,—
 Art is long, but life is brief.

POVERTY.

Oh, penury ! thy victims testify
Of thy insatiate thirst for human gore,
Thy wanton cruelty, thy savage eye,
Thy heartless treatment of the suff'ring poor.
Thou art a monster, tyrant, fiend, whose wrath
Prompts thee to crush all found within thy path.
Hovels and dingy garrets, hour by hour,
Contain the victims of thy direful power.
Sternly thou dost behold thy work of death;
Thou hearest, all unmoved, the parting breath
Of him whom thou hast murderously slain ;
Thou seest those who feel the racking pain
Of abject indigence ; but from thine eyes
No tears do fall responsive to their cries ;
And so they die of hunger and distress,
Without a friend to show them tenderness
Or bring into the dark and naked room
A bit of sunshine to dispel the gloom.

THE OUTCAST'S LAMENT.

I am so tired to-night — so tired !

Yet none will pity me ;

Once I was honored and admired

In halls of gayety.

Now laughing throngs press on their way

Nor heed my tears or sighs ;

I'm but a woman gone astray,

Frowned on by scornful eyes.

A lonely wand'rer in distress,

I long for home once more,

And for that sinless happiness

I felt in days of yore.

My blissful dreams have vanished quite ;

I wander here alone ;

Never a cheering ray of light

Across my path is thrown.

Will not the Past give back again

The true hearts I once knew ?

Will not some old song's soothing strain
Ring out to-night anew?

Society condoned his crime ;
Though he my ruin wrought,
His name is praised from time to time ;
His company is sought.

I—only I—must bear the shame—
I only must repine ;
There is but one dishonored name—
Not his, indeed ; but—mine !

But soon I'll reach my journey's end ;
It matters little now
Whether or not I have a friend
To stroke my fevered brow.

It matters not if friendly door
Opes not to let me in ;
The world has no forgiveness for
A wretched woman's sin.

But lo ! One comes with looks of love :
It is the Christ so mild ;
He speaks : "Thou hast a home above ;
I pardon thee, my child."

RELIEF.

My burden used to crush me night and day,
While I neglected those who wept alone ;
But when I gave to others sympathy,
I found relief, and lo ! my load was gone.

So if thou wouldst forget thy grief and care,
Go forth and hear the world's heart-rending sigh,
The sorrows of thy burdened neighbor share
And wipe away those tears that dim the eye.

WORTHINESS.

Some men imagine that to own a creed
And to be able to recite it well,
Are ample to supply the soul's great need
And to preserve it from the pangs of hell ;
When mere observance of such outward things
Amounts to naught while the false heart still clings
To sin, nor is in full and sweet accord
With earnest spirits soaring heavenward.
The creed is not the measure of a man ;
But he who does the very best he can,
Who loves mankind and God with all his heart,
Is a true christian, worthy of the name,
Though he may never reach the heights of fame
By skill acquired in science or in art,

THE SONG THAT CHARMED ME MOST.

Sing me to-night a soulful song ;
I weary of the stormy strife ;
Music can make the weak heart strong
And throw new meaning into life.
I long to hear some helpful strain,
Now that my soul is tempest-tossed ;
Then sing, O sing to me again
The song that charmed me most.

I have not heard that song in years,
And yet I recollect it well ;
I know it filled my eyes with tears
And wakened thoughts I dare not tell.
Now that life's burdens press me sore,
And I must mourn for loved ones lost,
Just let me hear that song once more —
The song that charmed me most.

OUR WORK.

Life is for arduous labor,
Not for enjoyment or ease;
The world is not a mere dreamland
Where we may do as we please.

Life is for gathering wisdom
From the experience of years;
Nor should we give up disheartened,
Amid our losses and tears.

In this arena of conflict
Against the forces of sin,
We must be watchful and valiant
If we are ever to win.

God has assigned us this duty :
To lift humanity up ;
To comfort and help the weary
Who drink from life's bitter cup.

We cannot, by self-indulgence,
Perform our mission in life ;

Our hearts must go out in pity
For vanquished ones in the strife.

So swiftly the years are passing,
That we must hasten to-day ;
The light that shines on our pathway
Will speedily pass away.

Let us press onward and upward,
Nor fear the enemy's frown ;
He who is faithful and conquers
Will be awarded a crown.

O man ! wouldst thou learn the secret
Of highest happiness here ?
Then live for the good of others,
Whatever thy lot or sphere.



AT EVENING TIME.

What solemn thoughts come to me when night's
 shadows fall !

For in the ghostly gath'ring gloom I see
Loved faces that have left the world and me—
Faces that come when darkness gathers over all.
Each shadow in my room seems like a human form
 Gliding in mockery before my eyes ;
And I grow lonelier as daylight dies
And rising night-winds warn me of a coming storm.
At evening time I wander back o'er vanished years ;
 I think of how I've toiled alone, in pain,
 Through weary days, seeing at last no gain
After the strife — naught but a heritage of tears.
I think of all the sore mistakes that I have made,
 And of the golden opportunities
 I failed, in early life, to boldly seize,
And oh, remembrance of them makes me half afraid !
If I could only know my life had been sublime,
 That I had ne'er committed slightest sin ;
 If death had never robbed me of my kin,
I should not dread, but gladly welcome evening time.

THE SMILE OF A CHILD.

I was weary of life and duty,
And grief made my brain almost wild,
When a child's face, glowing with beauty,
Met my glance, and then sweetly smiled.

It made me forget all my sorrow,
And it gave me a new delight,
And I feared not the coming morrow,
For my skies had been made so bright.

It left in my heart a rare treasure—
A memory sweet, that I prize ;
And I'm thrilled with infinite pleasure
Each time I recall those dear eyes.

For though many years have departed
Since I saw that innocent face
And those eyes, from which lustre darted,—
They are with me in every place.

That child's witching smile haunts me ever,
And cheers me by night and by day.
O God, guard the children forever !
They smile all our troubles away.

UNAPPRECIATED.

This world is an Eden to people who look
Within the bright covers of Nature's great book ;
But O, there are mortals whom nothing can move ;
Too stupid are they to show ardor or love ;
They pause not to gaze on the fields and the herds ;
Nor are they entranced with the chorus of birds,
Or sounds of the sea when, with thundering roar,
It breaks in wild grandeur upon the bleak shore.
The blue summer skies and the flower-scented breeze ;
The uplands, luxuriant with wide-spreading trees ;
The glorious sunset ; the eve's purple glow ;
The ferns and soft grasses ; the flowerets that grow
In woodland and meadow, to gladden the sight ;—
These never impart to such dull souls delight ;
And the exquisite scenes that Nature has spread,
Alas ! are unnoticed by senses so dead.
O, little there would be to cheer me in life,
Amid all the losses sustained in the strife,
If I could not relinquish my tasks awhile
And repair to those haunts that charm and beguile—
Those sylvan recesses wherein I can rest,
Secure from vexations that trouble the breast,
And where my whole soul can rejoice and expand,
Inspired by the works of the Deity's hand.

A SONG OF YOUTH.

Speak not of the glories encircling old age,
Though grand are its sunsets and lessons of truth;
The period most praised by the poet or sage,
Is the brief but resplendent period of youth.
Its radiant morning, its sunshine and song,
Are better than evening when long shadows fall;
And life is more charming when pulse-beats are
strong
And the first dreams of love so sweetly enthrall.

O, gladsome and bright is the springtime of life,
When hopes are so ardent and prospects seem
fair,
And pleasure is never once marred by fierce strife
That darkens our skies and loads us with care!
Fain would I be back in youth's realm of delight,
Inhaling the fragrance of morn's early flowers;
But, then, if my heart can be kept young and light,
'Twill matter but little how fleeting the hours.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Suggested by the celebration of the Quaker poet's eighty-first birthday, December 17, 1888.

Thou gifted bard,—whose undimmed fame
Has long ere this spread far and wide,—
All classes eulogize thy name
And to thy virtues point with pride.

Though thou hast reached full four-score years,
Thy brilliant mental powers are strong
Nor time's assaults, nor clouds, nor tears
Make less melodious thy song.

Thy latest verse, with old-time ring,
Imparts to burdened souls relief;
And through the years thy songs shall bring
New strength to those bowed down with grief.

The nation thou hast helped to free,
Extols thy honored name to day;
Ruler and peasant speak of thee,
And to thy worth high tribute pay.

O bard of noble heart and mind,
Thou hast well earned these honors rare—

These sweet expressions from mankind,
That float like incense on the air.

Nor has thy country yet forgot
Thy valiant efforts to erase
Foul slavery's accursed blot
And liberate a suff'ring race.

With book and pen, with heart of love,
Thou didst toil on from year to year;
But He who wisely rules above
Rewarded all thy labors here.

An era has been ushered in,
That shames the dark, disgraceful past;
The cycle, stained by blood and sin,
Has rolled away at last—at last.

Justice now rules with gentle sway
From North to South, from sea to sea;
Peace and good-will prevail to-day
Among the millions of the free.

O honored bard, take comfort, then,
In glancing at results so good;
The grand achievements of thy pen
Draw out a nation's gratitude.

OCTOBER.

O gayest month of all the year!
Thou art a queen in gorgeous dress.
Thy smile is that of tenderness;
Thy voice wafts music to the ear.

Th' autumnal banners, fringed with gold,
Are flaunting now in praise of thee,
While all thy subjects gratefully
Recall thy virtues manifold.

A coronet of jewels rare
Sparkles upon thy regal head;
A sumptuous feast thy realm has spread
For thee, October, queen most fair.

We hail thy advent with delight,
And only wish that thou couldst stay
As guest with us for many a day,
To cheer us with thy smiles so bright.

THE HERO.

The soldier needs courage in battle,
The swimmer, in breasting the wave ;
But those who contend with life's trials
Need hearts that are even more brave ;
For every-day struggles are greatest ;
They test us more rigidly, too ;
And he is the mightiest hero
Who fights his way manfully through.

Highest glory lies not in winning
A battle that lasts for a day,
But in keeping up constant courage,
No matter how tedious the fray ;
It lies in most patience endurance
Through long years of losses and pain —
In valiant and noble endeavor
To take a step forward again.

To him who, though often defeated,
Persistently strives to the last,
His bravery rising with danger,
As a kite soars high 'gainst the blast —
To him let the brightest of laurels
And the richest rewards be given ;
His valor commands the world's praises
And merits the plaudits of Heaven.

SONNET TO MARCH.

O month of fitful winds that rave and moan !
What heart could ever fondly welcome thee?
What ear could catch e'en one melodious tone
In thy wild notes that breathe no harmony?
And yet thou art a prophet, great and skilled,
Whose prophecies concerning azure skies,
Spring flowers and warm south winds, are always
 wise,
For none dare say they have not been fulfilled.
Above the howling gale a robin's song
May now be heard ; in meadows, where so long
The snow has lain, will shoot soft grasses soon ;
And in the woods sweet wild-flowers will be strewn
Ere long by the Creator's loving hand,
And spring shall reign as queen of all the land.

BESIDE THE SEA.

AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

When last I wandered by thy side, O sea !

I was a hopeful child ; nor felt a care ;

My youthful spirits were as light as air,
And life was like a summer dream to me.

Thy curling billows as they kissed the sand,
Did not then fill my inmost soul with pain ;
Above their plash I heard no minor strain
Ringing in sadness over sea and land.

That time was many, many years ago !

To-day I stand beside the sea once more,
But not with thoughts I had in days of yore,
For changes mark the years that come and go.

The ocean ebbs and flows just as of old ;
But time has written wrinkles on my brow
That erstwhile glowed with ardent hope, and now
My life is clouded with regret untold.

No more with buoyant heart I wander here,
Where oft I sported in bright hours long past.

Alas! the dream of childhood could not last;
And when the sunshine fled, then came the tear.

To-day my thoughts revert to years ago:
I see loved faces that looked into mine
Ere preying care had caused me to repine
Or nights of pain had made my cheek so wan.

O sea! thy sad intoning starts my tears,
Recalling to me voices low and sweet,
And songs that, coming from their calm retreat,
Are echoes of the half-forgotten years.

Thus solemn memories come thronging near
To make me lonelier and sadder still;
Thus does the sounding sea wake thoughts that fill
My soul with restless longing and with fear.

But when my barque is cast upon the shore,
And when the sun has sunk within the sea,
'Twill all be o'er; from pain I shall be free,
And I shall sweetly rest forevermore.

In Heaven's quiet harbor of the blest
I shall find shelter from the fierce typhoon.

Nor shall I dread the night. Eternal noon
Excludes night's shadows from that land of rest.

Be strong, sad heart, and bide the morn sublime,
When gloom shall into glad effulgence turn,
And when the spirit shall no longer mourn
Over the cruel wrecks of tide and time.

HEART IN YOUR WORK.

Put your heart in your work, whatever you do ;
'Twill lighten the burdens of life ;
Exhibit grand courage, be earnest and true,
And you shall achieve in the strife.

If you write, use your pen in humanity's cause ,
Throw sympathy into each page ;
Deal strong blows at tyrants, assail unjust laws
And all social wrongs of the age.

Your mission, it may be, is only to sing ;
Then your soul should soar with the song,
And to some weary life your ballad will bring
Sweet hopes that shall make the heart strong.

When you give in response to the cries of the poor,
Contribute through motives of love;
The results of such deeds will always endure,
For they are recorded above.

If into the humblest spheres you should go,
To comfort, admonish or pray,
Or to lift the fallen from dark depths of woe,—
Put heart in your work every day.

The man without tenderness does little good
In this world of anguish and need;
His heart is unmoved though the hungry crave food
And sufferers for sympathy plead.

Show heart, then, in all that you say or perform;
Take pains to relieve the oppressed;
Cheer the voyagers, who, fatigued by the storm,
Would fain seek some harbor of rest.

How potent for good is a generous deed!
What blessings do kind words impart!
We oft measure men by their standing or creed;
But a man must be judged by his heart.

WEARINESS.

Is there an end to weariness in life?—
To all this ceaseless and tumultuous strife
That, from the very cradle to the grave?
Appals the hearts of e'en the strong and brave?

Is there an end to this anxiety
That haunts us hour by hour and will not flee?
Or are we made to mourn through day and night?—
To walk in shade and never in the light?

Is there an end to losses and to pain?
And will there come a time when naught but gain
Will follow all our unremitting toil,
And when no foe shall force us to recoil?

Is there an end to this dull, dreary mode
Of life? Or must our feet still press the road
Leading through places dangerous and dark,
Where scarce an eye discerns one shining mark.

Nay, do not look for perfect peace and rest!
A life of noble conflict is the best;
And chivalry will win a brighter crown
Than we could gain by casting burdens down.

VOICES OF CHILDREN AT PLAY.

How sweet are the voices of children at play !

They echo from childhood's fair shore,
Where the winds are hushed and Life's golden day
Throws open its radiant door.

O innocent voices ! your music I hear ;
Your rapturous tones bring delight ;
I eagerly list to the the laughter so clear
That bursts forth like songs in the night.

I long to be free from life's burdens again
And to roam through forests and flowers,
With never a feeling of loss or of pain
To make less delightful the hours.

But how idle the wish ! The stern winds of Time
Have driven my barque very far clime,
From the flower-haunted shore of that wonderful
The land where the dear children are.

Far out on life's ocean, where danger abounds,
My frail boat is riding the wave ;

But e'en through the storm I can hear sweetest
sounds

That make me both hopeful and brave :

'Tis the sounds that are wafted over the sea
And through the mists grewsome and gray,
From the loved land of childhood they float to me—
The voices of children at play.

GATHER THE CHILDREN.

Gather the children around your knee,
And show them the road that leads to joy ;
Tell them the way to be grand and free—
How to have pleasure without alloy ;
Keep them secure from the tempter's power ;
Encircle them with your arms of love ;
They'll need your words in some evil hour ;
They'll need the help that comes from above.

Gather the children and tell them how
The demon of drink enslaves and blights—
How it leaves its curse on heart and brow
And drags the genius from lofty heights.

They should know these things before they go
Out into the world of sin and shame;
Then tell them how to escape the woe
That surely follows a ruined name.

Gather the children close to your side;
They stand in need of your loving care,
For the world is bad, and far and wide
Flash out the lights that so oft ensnare.
Don't let them become the rum-fiend's prey;
But keep them anchored to God and truth,
Where they'll be out of the demon's way
Whenever it seeks to harm the youth.

Gather the children around your chair
Before they wander from childhood's land;
Some day the silver will streak their hair;
Then tenderly lead them by the hand.
The world is brighter with them in sight;
We can bear defeat if they are near
To throw on our path the sunbeams bright,
And whisper their sweet words in our ear.

SYMPATHY.

As several instruments of music in a room
Vibrate with sweet accord when only one is played
Upon, so are kind, sympathetic natures made
To feel the touch of any sorrow that may come
To man; and their warm hearts in fellow-feeling beat
For him who meets with cruel loss or sore defeat.
Would that all hearts evinced an active tenderness
Toward the victims of misfortune and distress.
Then would those lives that now are dark and full
 of care,
Be blest and lifted from the depths of dread despair;
Hopes and ambitions that are dead would rise again;
And happiness would take the place of lurking pain;
Within the arid waste would spring bright flowers
 of peace,
While much of the distrust 'twixt man and man
 would cease.

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THE SELF-CONCEITED CRITIC.

Thou hast presumption to decry
The noblest works of gifted men,
And to imagine that thy pen
Can shake the very earth and sky ;
Yet none have heard of thy renown.
The favored few who know thy name
Aver that thou art seeking fame
By basely trying to pull down
The lofty men of thought sublime,
But over whom thou canst not climb
Alas ! thy ipse dixit goes
To prove but this :—That one man knows
More than all geniuses combined —
That one thyself, so frail and blind !
Thy mission is to carp and score,
Show self-conceit and fiercely gore,
And to proclaim with spleen and might
That nothing has been done aright.
'Tis easier far to criticise
Than to correct mistakes, likewise.
Thy task, then, is an easy one ;
The hard work is by others done.

A HYMN.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord. — Psalm iv: 22.

Sweet this invitation given

To the weary here !

'Tis a voice that comes from Heaven,

Imparting cheer.

“Cast thy burden on the Lord.”

List ! thou soul oppressed ;

God has promised in His Word

To give thee rest.

Look to Him in simple trust

For His healing power

He is gracious ; he is just,

Each day and hour.

Mourners have no truer friend

Anywhere than He ;

For He loves them to the end,

With constancy.

Cast on Him thy heavy load,

Weary one, to-day

Then the shadows on thy road

Shall flee away.

THE FAREWELL.

Dear boy, and are you going
 Into the world so wide?
Then list to kindly counsel
 Before you leave my side:
The best will have rough sailing
 On life's tempestuous sea;
Few barques escape the breakers;—
 I know they surged o'er me.

But ne'er give up pursuing,
 Though weary be your feet;
Be brave and keep on trying,
 In spite of each defeat.
All who have ever conquered
 On life's contested field,
Have won by their fixed purpose
 Never to tamely yield.

Let nothing turn your footsteps
 From paths of rectitude;
Fast living leads to ruin
 A countless multitude.

'Tis only fools who squander
The precious hours away,
And ne'er discern the value
Of the chances of to-day.

The time will come when vict'ry
Shall crown your earnest work,
If you will never falter
Nor daily duties shirk.
An earnestness of purpose,
Combined with truth and right,
Will clear your way to fortune
And honor's blazing height.

Now write, my boy,—write often;
No matter where you roam
Our deepest love will follow
The lad away from home;
And when we kneel at evening
And look to God in prayer,
We'll not forget to ask Him
To keep you in His care.

HIC JACET.

I saw him die — the gray old year;
I watched him close his faded eyes;
List'ning, I heard his long-drawn sighs,
Just as the solemn end drew near.
Then, as I stood beside his bed
And viewed the features calm and cold,
From which all life and love had fled,
The bells in distant steeples tolled
A midnight, melancholy knell —
A mournful and a fond farewell.
I left the bier, but not until
My hands had placed upon that breast,
So cold, inanimate and still,
A love-wreath as my last bequest.

ONLY A ROSE.

Dejected I stood in a parlor grand,
Nor heeded the music that filled the air,
When one drew near with a rose in her hand
And bade me accept the blossom so fair.

'Twas only a rose but its secret power
Awoke in my being a new delight;
It gave me fresh hope in a lonely hour
And banished the gloom of that April night.

And thus does each kind deed graciously shed
A fragrance benign as that of the rose,
Whose perfume lingers e'en after 'tis dead,
To sweeten life's toil and soothe human woes.

O, blest be the heart that in sympathy beats
For those whose spirits are often depressed!
And peace to that one who tenderly greets
The weary who sigh for moments of rest.

THE SILENT HARP.

'Twas midnight, and cold blew December's blast
Through the city's deserted street,
While the blinding snowflakes fell thick and fast
Adown at my weary feet.

In the drifted snow, near a mansion high,
Lay a tender Italian boy,
With death on his brow and death in the eye
That once flashed with innocent joy.

His sweet harp lay mute by his frozen side ;
'Twas the end of its minstrelsy ;
The harpist's life had passed out with the tide
That rolls to eternity's sea.

How oft he enchanted the passer-by
With the strains of his magic art !
And yet he was left there alone to die,
With the weight of woe on his heart.

Luxury reigned in that mansion close by ;
The rich and the proud reveled there ;

But they spurned that one who came with a sigh,
And poured out his grief in a prayer.

“Alone in this city I die,” he said;
“Oh, list to my pitiful plea!
Cold, cold is the wind for my aching head.
Just this once, give shelter to me.”

Still the crowd laughed on. Then the harpest
dreamed

Of a home far over the sea;
But in the youth's sight bright angels now gleamed,
And the fettered soul was set free.



GENIUS.

'Tis said a genius is a man
Who does the very best he can —
Who labors hard while others play
Or idly dream the years away.
If genius comes from labor, then
It could adorn and bless all men,
Regardless of the dullest brains;
And all who would but take the pains
Might reach the heights of fame and power
Simply by struggling hour by hour.
Absurd assumption — most absurd !
Though diligence brings its reward,
It cannot to dull souls impart
Rare qualities of brain and heart —
Those innate powers, supremely great,
That years with books will not create;
The wretched void no toil can fill,
And “pygmies are mere pygmies still
But the true genius, like a star,
Whose lucid beams are seen afar,
Shines as a separate beacon-light
Far up upon the lofty height;
And there he works with book and pen,
Evolving thoughts unknown to men.

TO THE MEMORY OF M. F. M.

Brave, tender heart that felt another's woe
So keenly, and didst willingly bestow
Its wealth of tenderness upon the sad
And lonely here, anxious to make them glad
And to illume their dreary, darkened way
And turn their night into resplendent day,—
Mankind admire, while highest heav'n holds dear,
The life that moved not in one little sphere,
But shed a helpful influence everywhere,
As flowers exhale their fragrance on the air.
In thee were found, harmoniously combined,
Those higher qualities of heart and mind,
Which raised thy thoughts above the common sod
And linked them to humanity and God.

THE POET'S WINTER SONG.

How dreary and dark is the weather !

And how dismal the sound of the rain !

The hills, in their wintry apparel,

Fail to waken my lyrical strain.

If only the robins were singing,

Or if only the meadows were green ;

If only the trailing arbutus

Now among the soft grasses was seen,—

I'd then have a theme for my fancy—

Yea, a theme that would truly inspire ;

For O, I would sing of the springtide,

Till my innermost soul was on fire !

But though Nature's glories are hidden

And this earth seems a barren, cold place,

I turn from its weird desolation

To be charmed with thy beautiful face.

If birds warble not in the woodland,

To enchant me and make me rejoice,

It matters but little, if only
I can list to thy soul-stirring voice.

If roses bloom not in my pathway
And I wander not 'neath sunny skies,
Thou art fairer to me than the roses,
And I crave but the light of thine eyes.

Then away with the grandest ballads
That the most gifted poets may write !
For thou art a far sweeter poem
Than the poet could ever indite.



HOME.

Faces both young and handsome
Smile on us as we roam,
But none are half so charming
As the faces seen at home ;
Nor do we get a welcome
So pleasing or sincere
As that our loved ones give us
At the old home we revere.

It is an unfeigned greeting,
And not bestowed for show ;
But in the halls of fashion
'Tis different, you know ;
For people there dissemble —
All is but mockery ;
Society's gay circles
Show no sincerity.

Beyond the heart's enclosure
We fail to find such rest
As that found at the fireside
With those we love the best.

The softest voices whisper,
The sweetest ballads ring
Where beams the face of mother
And children laugh and sing.

Majestic anthems swelling
Beneath cathedral dome
Are not more grand or sacred
Than the old songs heard at home.
Their echoes sweetly linger,
Nor ever die away ;
They wake fond recollections
Of childhood's happy day.

After each fierce encounter
That brings us loss and pain,
We fly within home's shelter,
And peace is ours again.
O harbor for the storm-tossed !
O hope for the distressed !
Thou art indeed a fitting
Symbol of heavenly rest.

THE CHRISTMAS TIME.

Hail to the joyous Christmas-tide!
Best time of all the year,
When gifts are scattered far and wide
And hearts are filled with cheer.

Glad was the song that filled the air
Above Judea's plain;
To-day we chant that song in prayer
And sound the sweet refrain:

“Peace be on earth, good will to men!”
We chant it o'er and o'er,
And praise the Savior's name again —
That Name we all adore.

Season of love, and smiles, and joy,
We gladly welcome thee!
Thou bringest peace without alloy,
And blessings large and free.

Ring out, old songs of olden days!
Begone, corroding care!
We'll call up cherished memories
Of scenes and faces fair.

We'll make the little children glad ;
The helpless we will aid ;
We'll cheer the weary and the sad,
Who oft fall back dismayed.

Around the old fireside we meet,
To laugh, and chat, and sing :
The dear ones all we love to greet,
After our wandering.

Now may our hearts beat high with pride
And old-time ecstasy ;
And may this blessed Christmas-tide
Illume our future way.

May every selfish thought depart,
At such a time as this ;
And may there come to every heart
True and abiding bliss ;

Then, on this peaceful Christmas day,
Let our good-will be shown
In aiding, by true sympathy,
Those who must weep alone.

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

He wandered alone in a distant land ;
He saw bright faces and scenes that were fair ;
He listened to songs that were wild and grand ;
But cold was the heart of the wanderer there.

For the songs, though grand, were soulless and dead ;
They fell on his ear, but were soon forgot ;
And his life was dark and his soul unfed,
While he sadly mused on his wretched lot.

At length, when night's shadows had cast a gloom
Over the traveler's desolate way,
A song floated out from a humble room,
And the wand'rer heard that soul-thrilling lay.

The simple ballad was love's old sweet song ;
He knew it by its familiar refrain ;
And the heart that had been indifferent long,
Was touched at last with the magical strain.

Then the tears rolled down the wanderer's cheek ;
He blest the singer in an earnest breath ;

And thoughts came o'er him that he could not speak
And the song stayed with him until his death.

Love's old sweet song — how it calls up the past!
Awakening mem'ries sacred and dear,
Bringing us joy when our sky is o'ercast,
Giving us hope when we falter and fear.

RESTING TIME.

As a tired child, soothed by a mother's song,
Sleeps on her breast;
So may I, in my Father's arms so strong,
At last find rest.

Like the glad wanderer who draws near home
And cherished friends,
Would I cease journeying — no more to roam —
When earth-life ends.

How sweet are songs that float at evening time
O'er waters still!
And at life's close I fain would hear some chime
From Heaven's hill,

Or song whose mystic music, floating free
 From yonder shore,
Should quiet all my pain and give to me
 Peace evermore.

Ay, when that solemn scene shall come at last,
 I hope to hear
The voices that I heard in years long past,
 As death draws near;

And to behold the loved in robes of light
 Waiting to greet
Me in that land — too fair for mortal sight —
 Where dear ones meet.

The seed I scattered over barren field
 Was sown in vain,
Although I prayed and toiled for plenteous yield,
 Of golden grain.

Others have harvested bright, precious sheaves
 And fruitage sweet;
While only worthless straw and withered leaves
 Lie at my feet.

I see but ruined hopes along life's way
 So rough and hard ;
But in that realm where shineth endless day,
 Joy is not marred.

Why should I weep and always seem cast down ?
 Cheer up, my heart !
The crosses surely come before the crown ;
 Then, do they part.

'Tis labor now, but rest comes by and by ;
 Here, cares infest ;
Yonder, nor pain, nor disappointment's sigh
 Disturbs sweet rest.



PROTECT THE HOME.

What was it wrecked that once delightful home
And caused a wail of woe to linger there?
What filled those rooms with a forbidding gloom,
Dispelled the sunshine and let in despair?

'Twas Rum that quenched the lambent flame of song
And cast a gloom where once, 'mid cheerful light,
The bosom heaved with mirth the whole day long
And music's strain shed joy around at night.

Against the inroads of intemperance, then,
Protect the homes throughout our ruin-cursed land;
O, let brave women and fearless men
Now rally and for home and freedom stand!

A SHEAF.

Scorn not to do the smallest service here;
For each kind deed has weight; and every tear
We dry helps to impart needful relief
To some poor heart oppressed with care and grief.

We are seldom attracted by tears;
Sad looks do not often beguile;
But we prize, through the long, weary years,
The face that's adorned with a smile.

Discord, thou art a child of evil;
'Twere no great crime to call thee, Devil!

A life undecked by noble deeds
Is the saddest life of all;
Then aim to scatter precious seeds
And minister to others' needs,
Deeming no kind act too small.

The most important of the classic arts
Is literature :
It toucheth all the springs in human hearts
And must endure.

Like children, we impatient grow,
And oft complain when things we crave
Come not to us at once. We fret
From day to day, when we should know
That God does not our needs forget,
But only wants us to be brave
And to be patient and resigned.
He knows that we are weak and blind ;
For often when we make request,
We know not what is for the best.

Be pleasant at home ; nor wound with sharp words
The hearts that are loving and true.
From home's sacred harp the sweetest of chords
Should vibrate at all times for you.

The man whose aims are sordid cheats himself—
For while the end of all his life is pelf,
His intellect and soul can ne'er expand,
And he is but a pygmy in the land,
Compared with sympathetic men who find
The highest joy in toiling for mankind.

I would not judge thee by thy looks,
Nor by thy knowledge gleaned from books;
But I should know that love divine
Fully possessed that heart of thine,
If thou didst have what Heav'n can give—
The disposition to forgive.

Sweet flowers, I oft-times study
Your faces as ye grow
In forest or in meadow,
And fancy ye must know
Something of love and duty;
For in your soulful looks
Are thoughts as high and holy
As those I read in books.

As the lark when soaring sings,
Fearing not to trust its wings
While its beats the upper air;
So may I, on wings of prayer,
Soar above the woes of life---
Rise above the stormy strife,
Till my song of gratitude
Shall proclaim that God is good.

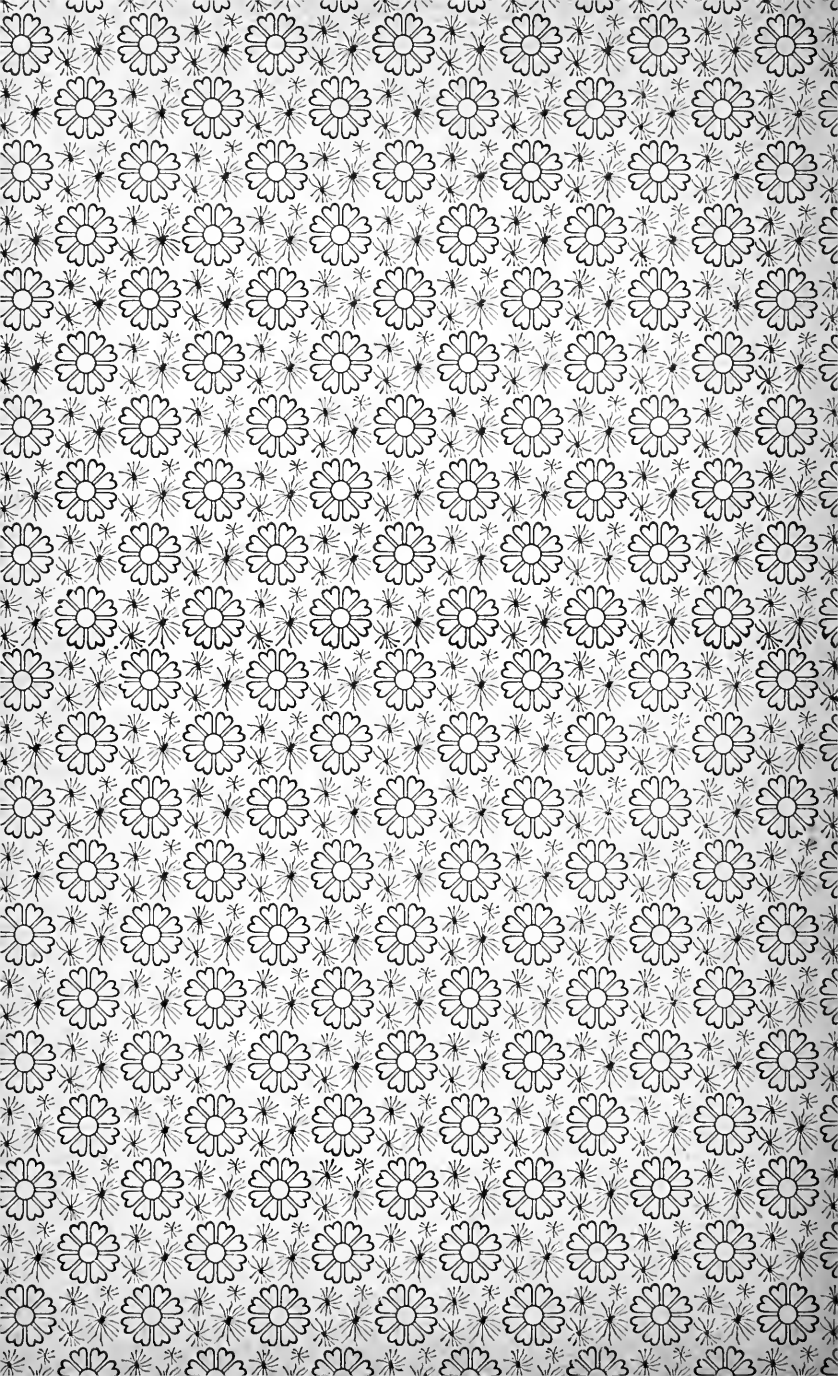


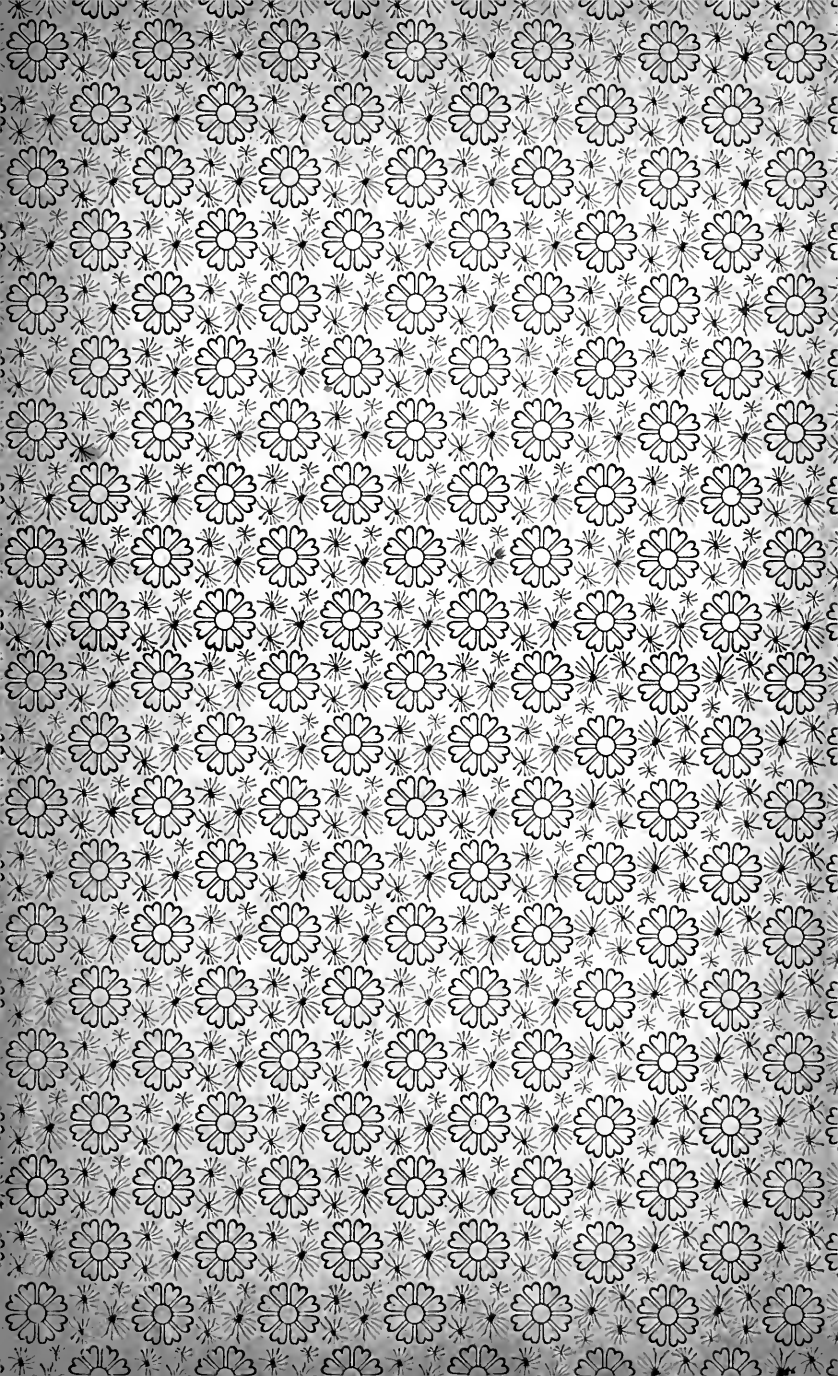












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